



**T**HE Editor hastens to disclaim even the humblest attempt at an introduction of the formidable creatures that border this page. He hopes they will not, however, too urgently resent it if he bares a bit of their pedigree. But before we come to the *Wonks* themselves we have first to introduce their anonymous creator, which you will allow is a far more difficult undertaking. It would be a pleasure to give his name, but that he is a naval officer invalided home is all it is permitted to say of him. Perhaps the *Wonks* themselves have insisted upon mystery.

*Sent home to recover from a grave case of pneumonia, the rebel energies of this invalid at once rose superior to the boredom of a long convalescence. Out of any material within easy reach—a horse-chestnut, a pipe-cleaner, a paper-fastener, a maple leaf—his lively fancy pieced together these antic creations of a deft hand and a fantastic invention. So grew the Wons, whose character and function their maker has himself "presented" in the accompanying verses.*

Though Mr. Duffy, the artist, has quite sympathetically pictured these vagrant beings, no skill of the pencil could altogether fix upon mere paper their actual appearance and sometimes dangerous mien. In no great time we hope to have from the *Wonks-Man* further accounts and copies of the *Wonks* in their devotions to the *fairies*. For ages childhood has had to go without information upon the important point of just how the friendly *fairies* perform their happy and helpful tasks. Now we know. The *Wonks* are their faithful bearers of dispatch and beasts of burden.

# WONKS

WONKS grow little, Wonks grow big.  
They might be a horse or they might be a pig,  
They might be a fish, or a turtle or rat,  
Or most anything for the matter of that.

Wouldn't you like, perhaps, to know  
What Wonksus are and how they grow?  
How some are wild and some are tame  
And how the Wonksus got their name?

Wonks are animals fairies keep  
To do their work when you're asleep.  
They mind the baby and cut the hay  
And help the fairies in every way.

They do a thousand things like that—  
Wash the windows and shake the mat,  
Sweep the steps and clean the floor,  
And scrub and rub till their legs get sore.

Fairies make Wonksus, and people can too.  
But that is a secret between me and you;  
And most anybody that loves to play  
Can make a Wonks on a rainy day.

Make them of leaves or blocks of wood,  
Or maple seeds and nuts are good,  
Or bits of ribbon, with putty and pins  
To hold together their bodies and limbs.

Acorns or chestnuts will make a Wonks,  
With paper ears and pear stem trunks,  
Or horns of matches and roots for feet  
And string for tails make a Wonks complete.

When it is finished you have to say,  
 "Work hard, Wonks, for my fairy pay.  
 Do what the fairies want you to,  
 And here I'll keep a home for you."

When the night time comes, as it always will,  
Put your Wunks on the window sill,  
So he will be there when the fairies come,  
To work with them till the day's work's done.

